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THE MONUMENT TO
COLONEL ROBERT GOULD SHAW

1865 — 1897

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The Monument

to

Robert Gould Shaw

ITS INCEPTION, COMPLETION
AND UNVEILING
1865–1897

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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HISTORY OF THE SHAW MONUMENT

BY THE TREASURER OF THE FUND

HISTORY OF THE SHAW MONUMENT

BY THE TREASURER OF THE FUND

IN the autumn of 1865 a meeting was held in the council chamber at the State House, at the call of Governor Andrew, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, Senator Charles Sumner, Colonel Henry Lee, Mr. J. B. Smith, and others, to consider the matter of a suitable memorial to Robert G. Shaw, the late commander of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth Regiment. The prime mover in this matter was doubtless the late Joshua B. Smith, a fugitive from slavery, who after his escape had been in the service of Colonel Shaw's family before he took the position of repute as the successful caterer, in which he became so well known in Boston. The purpose of the meeting was declared in the following words: —

"The monument is intended not only to mark the public gratitude to the fallen hero, who at a critical moment assumed a perilous responsibility, but also to commemorate that great event, wherein he was a leader, by which the title of colored men as citizen-soldiers was fixed beyond recall. In such a work all who honor youthful dedication to a noble cause and who rejoice in the triumph of freedom should have an opportunity to contribute."

I was not myself present at that meeting. A com-

mittee was appointed to carry this purpose into effect, consisting of John A. Andrew, chairman; Charles Sumner, Joshua B. Smith, Henry P. Kidder, Charles R. Codman, Henry W. Longfellow, James L. Little, William W. Clapp, Jr., Charles Beck, William G. Weld, Leonard A. Grimes, Royal E. Robbins, Robert E. Apthorp, Francis W. Bird, Edward W. Kinsley, George B. Loring, Alanson W. Beard, Solomon B. Stebbins, Robert K. Darrah; Charles W. Slack, secretary.

As I am informed, there had been some difference of opinion as to the kind of statue or memorial which should be procured. At the request of Senator Sumner I undertook to serve as the treasurer, with the understanding that my sole duty would be the custody of the funds. I believe that no one was ever asked to subscribe; all the contributions have been of a purely voluntary character, most gladly given. Within the next two or three months after the meeting the sum of three thousand one hundred and sixty-one dollars ($3161) had been placed in my hands.

The death of Governor Andrew soon after occurred, and later several of the chief promoters of this memorial, including Senator Sumner, passed away. The interest in the subject appeared to have ceased for the moment.

In 1876 the fund had reached a little over seven thousand dollars ($7000) by investment and reinvestment.

As there appeared to be no effective committee in charge of this matter, and believing that a small, well-chosen committee would be more likely to act in a judicious manner than a large one, the suggestion was made to all the subscribers to appoint Messrs. John M. Forbes, Henry Lee, and Martin P. Kennard as such committee, and their written assent and approval were obtained thereto.

Some previously unpaid subscriptions were then called

in and several additional subscriptions were volunteered, so that the total amount actually received from subscribers was raised a trifle over seventy-five hundred dollars ($7521). The names of the subscribers were as follows:

George C. Ward, Mrs. Lydia Jackson, Hon. Charles Sumner, Mrs. John E. Lodge, N. Livermore & Son, Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, William G. Weld, Samuel G. Ward, S. N. Havens, John Fenno Tudor, Henry Sturgis Grew, and George O. Hovey, of Boston, Mass.; Richard Warren Weston, Horace Gray, Lucius Tuckerman, Edward F. Davison, Daniel C. Bacon, and Robert B. Minturn, of New York, N. Y.; F. J. Child, Robert B. Storer, James Russell Lowell, and Charles E. Norton, of Cambridge, Mass.; Edward Atkinson, Henry Lee, and Martin P. Kennard, of Brookline, Mass.; Alexander H. Bullock and Ichabod Washburn, of Worcester, Mass.; Samuel May, Jr., and Mrs. J. C. Gunn, of Leicester, Mass.; Zenas M. Crane, of Dalton, Mass.; John M. Forbes, of Milton, Mass.; Edmund Tweedy, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Robert Ferguson, of Morton, Carlisle, England.

In 1883 the fund having reached nearly seventeen thousand dollars ($17,000), it seemed to be time to move for the execution of the work. A desire had been expressed to me by Senator Sumner that the work should consist of a statue of Colonel Shaw mounted, in very high relief upon a large bronze tablet.

A suitable place for such a work seemed to be in the curve on the front of the State House where a tablet of moderate size could be placed in the wall, rising a little above it with a seat at the level of the sidewalk. Application was made through Governor Long, with his hearty approval, for a right to place the tablet at this point if such a work should be executed, and was cheerfully granted.

Happening to call upon my neighbor and friend, the late H. H. Richardson, he desired to know what action had been taken, if any, having a great personal interest in his memory of Colonel Shaw and being desirous that the work should be one of highest merit. On the submission of the plan for an alto-relievo in front of the State House, he gave his most earnest assent, offering his services to do the architectural work and suggesting Augustus St. Gaudens as the sculptor, whose statue of Admiral Farragut had so lately called attention to his great skill.

It was then suggested to the committee that the surest way to carry out our plans would be to select an artist without confusing ourselves with any competition. The contract was accordingly made with Mr. St. Gaudens on February 23, 1884, in the hope and expectation that an alto-relievo suitable to the place chosen would be put in position in two years. But as Mr. St. Gaudens dealt with the subject it grew upon him in its importance, and with that conscientious spirit which marks the true artist he has devoted the better part of twelve years to constant thought and work upon his grand design.

As the artist's conception developed, the size of the panel became too great for the space originally chosen. The suggestion was then made by the late Arthur Rotch to place it on the Common between the two great trees where it now stands.

Mr. Charles F. McKim, the architect who succeeded Mr. Richardson as the artist's adviser, had become greatly interested in the matter and had volunteered his services for the architectural work. How great this service had been could not become apparent until the unveiling. Suffice it that the architectural design is on the high plane of the bronze tablet which it sustains. His admirable design having been sketched, an application was

made by Mr. George von L. Meyer, then an alderman of the city of Boston, for an appropriation on the part of the city for the construction of the terrace and stone work in which the bronze tablet has now been placed upon the Common. With judicious liberality a contract was made by the City Government with Norcross Brothers for the execution of this work, at a cost of nearly twenty thousand dollars ($20,000).

In this long interval, the funds which were placed on deposit in the New England Trust Company as soon as the contract had been made have gradually accumulated, until the original subscriptions of a little over seventy-five hundred dollars ($7521) will yield nearly twenty-three thousand dollars ($23,000). But even then, when the artist shall have paid the heavy cost of casting in bronze, and also paid for all the necessary skilled work required in preparing for the founder, he may secure to his own use and benefit only the fair day's wages of a good stonecutter or stucco worker for the time which during the term he has devoted to this the great effort of his lifetime. Even that is doubtful, because with that conscientious determination to have everything right and suitable he has felt compelled to change in some respects the design of the marble frame and the form of the lettering, so that there may be extra charges incurred by his orders to the amount of two thousand or three thousand dollars ($3000) in the construction of the terrace and the marble framework above the contract, which perhaps it will be suitable for the city to defray in view of the credit and honor which is sure to come to Boston in the possession of such an imperishable work.

It is not often that one who has no artistic aptitude comes into such close relation with the evolution of a monument. Had I the right knowledge of technical terms, I should be inclined to give a little account of my

observations during the progress of this memorial. Few persons can have the slightest conception of the energy which a great artist must expend, not only in the conception of the work itself, but in the actual effort, physical, mechanical, and manual, which is necessary to bring that conception into imperishable bronze; the amount of work required from skilled workmen under the supervision of the artist in the process of converting his own conception from the clay model, first into plaster, then into the mould, and lastly, into the bronze, is something of which the writer for one had no previous conception.

For the rest, the work will speak for itself. The committee and the treasurer alike sometimes feared that the artist might not live long enough to complete this great work. Now that it is done, and that they themselves will have the satisfaction of placing it in the custody of the city and the State, they feel that they will have been fully justified and that their method of procuring this monument may be approved.

Of the twenty-one members of the original committee appointed to take action in the matter, but four now survive.

Among the misgivings of the treasurer while watching the progress of this work in the mere process of manufacture had been the fear that so extensive and difficult a casting might fail in its execution; but when the contract was made with the Gorham Manufacturing Company, his anxiety was almost wholly removed, and his previous fears have proved to be without cause.

Some exceptions have been taken to the decision of the committee to have the addresses made in the Music Hall rather than at the monument itself; but after full consideration of the matter, and in view of the present condition of the State House and the grounds, there seemed to be no alternative. The space which would

have remained available for those who have the direct and most personal interest in this matter, after providing for officials and for the passing of the military at the monument, was found to be wholly insufficient for any suitable arrangements in the open air.

The committee and the treasurer, representing the subscribers, have been placed by the circumstances of the case in the position of hosts, inviting the authorities of the city, the State, and other guests to be present at the unveiling of the monument. The writer may be permitted to say that most careful supervision has been given, especially by Colonel Lee, to the distribution of the tickets to the hall, to the end that no one might be forgotten who had even a remote claim to be present; yet it may happen that some have been overlooked.

The committee requested General Francis H. Appleton, of the governor's staff, to act as chief marshal, and to his most effective preparation are due the excellent arrangements for the military parade on Decoration Day and for caring for the guests in the hall.

It is in order that those who were present may have knowledge of all the facts and of the names of the subscribers, so few of whom are living, that this statement is now submitted.

The service of Mr. John B. Seward should be recognized; he has kept the accounts and held supervision over all matters connected with the trust, in order that there might be no confusion in case of accident to the undersigned.

EDWARD ATKINSON,
Treasurer Shaw Monument Fund.

BOSTON, May 22, 1897.

INSCRIPTIONS UPON THE SHAW MONUMENT

UPON *the bronze an inscription taken by the artist from the seal of the Society of the Cincinnati of which Colonel Robert G. Shaw was a member:*

OMNIA·RELINQVIT
SERVARE·REMPVBLICAM

Underneath the main bronze:

·ROBERT·GOULD·SHAW·

COLONEL·OF·THE·FIFTY-FOURTH·REGIMENT·OF·MASSACHUSETTS
INFANTRY·BORN·IN·BOSTON·IO·OCTOBER·M·D·C·C·C·XXXVII
KILLED·WHILE·LEADING·THE·ASSAULT·ON·FORT·WAGNER
SOUTH·CAROLINA·I8·JULY·M·D·C·C·C·LXIII

Underneath, the verse of James Russell Lowell:

RIGHT·IN·THE·VAN·ON·THE·RED·RAMPART'S·SLIPPERY·SWELL
WITH·HEART·THAT·BEAT·A·CHARGE·HE·FELL
FOEWARD·AS·FITS·A·MAN
BUT·THE·HIGH·SOUL·BURNS·ON·TO·LIGHT·MEN'S·FEET
WHERE·DEATH·FOR·NOBLE·ENDS·MAKES·DYING·SWEET

INSCRIPTIONS UPON THE SHAW MONUMENT

Upon the back of the frame of the tablet the following inscription composed by Charles W. Eliot:

TO THE FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY

THE WHITE OFFICERS
TAKING LIFE AND HONOR IN THEIR HANDS CAST IN THEIR LOT WITH MEN OF A DESPISED RACE UNPROVED IN WAR AND RISKED DEATH AS INCITERS OF SERVILE INSURRECTION IF TAKEN PRISONERS · BESIDES ENCOUNTERING ALL THE COMMON PERILS OF CAMP MARCH AND BATTLE·

THE BLACK RANK AND FILE
VOLUNTEERED WHEN DISASTER CLOUDED THE UNION CAUSE · SERVED WITHOUT PAY FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS TILL GIVEN THAT OF WHITE TROOPS· FACED THREATENED ENSLAVEMENT IF CAPTURED · WERE BRAVE IN ACTION· PATIENT UNDER HEAVY AND DANGEROUS LABORS · AND CHEERFUL AMID HARDSHIPS AND PRIVATIONS·

TOGETHER
THEY GAVE TO THE NATION AND THE WORLD UNDYING PROOF THAT AMERICANS OF AFRICAN DESCENT POSSESS THE PRIDE COURAGE AND DEVOTION OF THE PATRIOT SOLDIER·· ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND SUCH AMERICANS ENLISTED UNDER THE UNION FLAG IN M·D·C·C·C·LXIII — M·D·C·C·C·LXV

Underneath, upon the back of the terrace are the names of the five officers of the regiment who with Colonel Shaw were killed in battle or died while in the service:

CABOT·JACKSON·RUSSEL
CAPTAIN

WILLIAM·HARRIS·SIMPKINS
CAPTAIN

EDWARD·LEWIS·STEVENS
1ST LIEUTENANT

DAVID·REID
1ST LIEUTENANT

FREDERICK·HEDGE·WEBSTER
2ND LIEUTENANT

Immediately underneath these names is given an extract from the address of Governor Andrew on the departure of the regiment:

I·KNOW·NOT·MR·COMMANDER·WHERE·IN·ALL·HUMAN·HISTORY·TO·ANY GIVEN·THOUSAND·MEN·IN·ARMS·THERE·HAS·BEEN·COMMITTED·A·WORK·AT ONCE·SO·PROUD . SO·PRECIOUS·SO·FULL·OF·HOPE·AND·GLORY·AS·THE WORK·COMMITTED·TO·YOU GOVERNOR ANDREW

On the marble at one end of the terrace the words of Mrs. Waterston:

O·FAIR-HAIRED·NORTHERN·HERO·· WITH·THY·GUARD·OF·DUSKY·HUE
UP·FROM·THE·FIELD·OF·BATTLE·· RISE·TO·THE·LAST·REVIEW

On the marble at the other end of the terrace the words of Emerson:

STAINLESS·SOLDIER·ON·THE·WALLS·· KNOWING·THIS·AND·KNOWS·NO·MORE
WHOEVER·FIGHTS·WHOEVER·FALLS·· JUSTICE·CONQUERS·EVERMORE

ADDRESS

BY MAJOR HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

DELIVERED IN SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE
MAY 30, 1897

ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE, BY MAJOR HENRY LEE HIGGINSON, MAY 30, 1897.

STUDENTS of Harvard University, and men of the Grand Army of the Republic, to-morrow, the Decoration Day of this year, will be made memorable by the unveiling of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens' monument to Colonel Robert G. Shaw and to the officers and men of the 54th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers; and by an address delivered in the Music Hall of Boston, by Professor William James, one of whose brothers was adjutant of the 54th and another an officer of the 55th Regiment — both regiments colored troops; and still further by an address from Booker T. Washington, Principal of the Institute at Tuskegee, Alabama.

To us it is a joyful day, for each year it marks the memories of comrades whose intelligence showed to them the right course, whose hearts approved it, and whose characters enabled them to take and keep it unflinchingly.

Decoration Day is their day, and all the rest of the year belongs to you.

To-day I wish to talk to you of the 54th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry colored, commanded by Colonel Robert Shaw, and of slavery, which, as a deadly poison to our nation, they strove to remove.

ADDRESS BY MAJOR HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

Any word of mine which may seem harsh to our brothers of the South has no such meaning or feeling. The sin of slavery was national, and caused the sin of disunion. Together we wiped out with our blood these two great wrongs long ago, and we also wiped out all unkind feeling.

I for one feel sure of this last fact, and think that it has been helped by the conviction that our blows were aimed at the sins of slavery and of disunion, and not at our opponents.

My reason for speaking of slavery is to show you the thoughts and faith of our youth, the conditions surrounding it, and the results to us as men.

My reason for speaking of the 54th Regiment is to set forth the devotion and great courage of its officers and men, for they knew full well that they should suffer the dislike of many Northerners and the extreme ire of Southerners; and yet they dared all — and by their high bearing and conduct made an epoch in a very troubled time.

My reason for asking leave to say a few words about Robert Shaw is that we, his comrades, respected and admired him more and more as time went on. Won at first by his great gift of personal charm, we were held fast by his high, simple, and loyal character. No doubt our country had many such, and indeed both armies were filled with men who, seeking nothing for themselves, did their duty well and then went quietly back to their homes. But Robert Shaw, while happy and content in his own regiment, nevertheless chose the nobler part of serving at the post of greatest danger and of obloquy, and thus helped the negroes to a standing unknown and indeed denied to them heretofore.

Therefore we held Robert Shaw dear, and so I would speak to you of him. If you think my words those of a

friend and a lover, I can only answer that if you had known him, you also would have loved him as we did.

To many people of New England in the decades before 1860, the ideas and tenets of the Puritan church and the Constitution of the United States were the foundation stones of their faith, — not to be questioned, not even examined. These people received their religion and their morality ready made, and both of them in conformity with the established ideas; and they were content. If any one dissented and cared to think for himself, he was dangerous, and therefore in a degree ostracized. This was natural and safe, and yet cowardly, even paralyzing, for the world cannot stand still without decay. Yet even then the transcendentalists had come and the abolitionists were talking hotly, and the younger generation was listening, and thinking for itself; and the storm was brewing. The love of the Constitution was admirable, and the wish to leave undisturbed so knotty a question as slavery natural and perhaps wise; but the question could not be let alone. In the course of nature, slavery had either to grow larger or smaller; and if smaller, then its existence was endangered. This point the Southern statesmen — keen-eyed and long-headed, clever men — clearly saw, and therefore pushed on their policy of extension; but just through their very eagerness they failed. If they had moved more slowly, they might have delayed the conflict, which was, however, inevitable.

No one living at that time, and hating slavery of any kind, can forget the stern hand with which many good men and women repressed freedom of thought, and more especially thought of slavery. It was a daily pain to meet one's friends and companions, and be constantly visited with their displeasure or contempt or neglect if one ventured to disapprove the course of public affairs in this regard. On the other side were a few idealists or quiet

folks, who, though hating slavery, spoke of the anti-slavery cause as hopeless, and of the United States as irretrievably given over to a deadly sin; and the abolitionists, who, most intemperate in their language, demanded the instant abolition of slavery or the breaking of the Union, — almost preferably the latter.

Then came the Fugitive Slave law, under which runaway slaves were arrested, tried here, and sent back to their owners; the last and bitterest case being that of Anthony Burns, who, guarded by a marshal's posse of hired roughs, by United States troops and by our best Massachusetts militia, acting from a sense of duty and in obedience to law, was marched from the Court House in Boston to the United States revenue cutter lying at the wharf and bound for Virginia.

Charles Sumner, speaking his mind in an unwise fashion before the United States Senate, was beaten in his seat by a Southern representative, and the foolish and brutal act was applauded by some good people of our town.

The territories of Kansas and Nebraska were thrown open to slavery, and the Southerners tried to fasten slavery on them. But it was too much, and human nature revolted; and although the slaveholders had the countenance of the United States authorities and troops, they were pushed out by the Northern men.

To cap all, our bulwark, the United States Supreme Court, delivered the famous Dred Scott decision, — only Judge Curtis dissenting.

It declared that by our Constitution negroes were not citizens of the United States, and that they had never had any rights which the white man was bound to respect; and that they might justly and lawfully be enslaved for their own good.

All this time what were the young men, whose souls were filled with these horrors, saying and doing?

They could not go along with the abolitionists; they could not go along with the men who despaired of their country's virtue and wisdom.

A man cannot give up his mother, cannot blush for his sweetheart, cannot deny his God. In a moment of weakness or doubt he may try to do these things, but he will fail.

The young men were growing up, were thinking hard, aching all over, were telling themselves that their elders were passing from the stage, and they themselves were coming on it — and they were quietly swearing that truth and freedom should win. They must gather strength and learn patience, — even learn it patiently, — and be ready for their day, which was near at hand.

At last came the struggle, the election of Lincoln, the secession of one State after another, the attack on a United States fort and soldiers; and men, springing to their feet, thanked God that at last the beginning of the end was in sight, and that the rending of our beloved country through slavery should cease. It was a great relief to many patient people; but the nation had still much to do and to bear.

The abolitionists stood aloof, refusing to help, unless slavery was at once abolished by law. They even clamored to "let the wayward Southern sisters go in peace," and convinced many good people of the wisdom of this course.

The mass of Northern citizens stood only on keeping the Union whole; and most of our young soldiers, refusing to touch the question of slavery, or to trench on the rights of the slaveholders, enlisted in order to save their country. Our President called on the loyal States for troops, and the great war began, — a war which, caused by slavery, was waged chiefly to uphold the

integrity of the United States. Such was the thought and feeling of the North.

But the yeast was in the dough and was working; and as the fearful struggle between the two great sections of the nation went on, with ever varying fortunes, we saw clearly by the light of the camp-fires that our government, based on a system of slavery, could not exist in peace and health. While the nation was learning this truth, our great President was patiently biding his time; and at last, seeing that the hour for casting off slavery by law had come, issued the Emancipation Proclamation. Although the war was then eighteen months old, this step was a shock to many excellent Northern citizens who did not see that all reason for the upholding of slavery had ceased. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

Only those living in the early days of '61 can guess at the fever-heat, the enthusiasm and loyalty glowing in our people at that time and which burst forth at the President's first call for troops. The first regiments to march felt the full force of this tide, and among them was the splendid 7th Regiment, New York National Guard, the pride of that city. In this regiment Robert Shaw served as a private soldier. As it swung out from Union Square into Broadway, it was greeted with a roar which lasted all the way to the Battery, where it embarked, and Robert Shaw, the flank man of his platoon, was seized and kissed by man after man, as they marched down Broadway.

He served his thirty days in Maryland and Washington, and then was commissioned in the 2d Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

It was the first regiment enlisted for three years or the war and accepted by the United States, and in it I had the honor to serve. During the early days of camp

life, May, '61, at Brook Farm in West Roxbury, I first saw Robert Shaw, and was captivated by him, as most people were.

Let me tell you how he looked: his figure was firmly and closely knit, rather short and erect, and his gait and movements alert. His features were delicate and well-cut, and set off by a fine complexion and winning, merry blue eyes and golden hair, — a very handsome man. He had charming, easy, frank manners, and gay, yet thoughtful ways. Every one liked him, and all trusted him implicitly. He did his full share of the new and severe work, and brightened life by his droll words and his cheerful smiles.

We young fellows, full of enthusiasm and bent only on defending our country, had been drawn by an irresistible impulse into the service. We could not stay at home, and were very eager to make ourselves soldiers.

We were fortunate in learning our first lessons from two well-trained and able West Point officers, Colonel George H. Gordon and Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Andrews, who spared neither themselves nor us in every detail of duty.

And so we worked away in camp, and marched on July 8, 1861, through Boston; were taken to New York, Philadelphia, and Hagerstown, and thence marched to Virginia and Harper's Ferry. There the engine-house of the United States Armory, within whose walls John Brown had been captured, was our guard-house; and among other daily duties our regiment was ordered to stop runaway slaves and give them up to their owners who might claim them. It was a great trial to Robert Shaw as to many of us, but we had just sworn obedience to the United States, and had no recourse from this duty.

The summer and early fall were spent in the usual

duties of soldiers, — except that of fighting, — but we got the needed training, the habits which insure involuntary obedience and efficiency; and we learned the proper care of our own health and that of our men. Each officer vied with the others in raising the standard of work, and Robert Shaw did his full share, enlivening it with his gayety and his very presence. Now and again came an alarm or a little picket-firing, and late in October we had a sharp night march to Ball's Bluff, with high hopes of a good fight; but we arrived only in time to see the wounded men who had been rescued from death or capture.

After some months of service, Major Greely Curtis, Captain Motley, and I were commissioned in the 1st Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry, and thus were parted from our old friends. We rarely met Robert Shaw after that, but we watched the course of the 2d Massachusetts Regiment, gloried in its splendid service, and mourned for its great losses at the battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, and Gettysburg.

Except during a few months on the staff of General Gordon, our first Colonel, Robert Shaw served continuously with the 2d Massachusetts. It was his school and home for nearly two years, and its honor is his honor. It served in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and had a foremost part in many of our great battles there until the fall of '63, when it was sent West to serve under General Grant in the Chattanooga campaign, and finally marched with Sherman to the sea and to North Carolina, where Johnston's army surrendered to the Federal army under Sherman.

Four years to a day after this regiment went into camp at Brook Farm, it entered Richmond, May 11, 1865. The war had been fought out, President Lincoln had been killed, and peace ruled once more throughout

our land. It had marched from Boston with 38 commissioned officers and 1040 enlisted men, whose numbers were increased several times by recruits. It took into Richmond four of the original officers and less than one hundred enlisted men. Its record is that it never left a position in battle until ordered to do so by its brigade commander. More cannot be said for soldiers.

One morning in February, '63, as our regiment, the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, lay in camp before Fredericksburg, Robert Shaw and Charles Morse, who also was a fine officer of the 2d Massachusetts, rode up to the little log-house in which Greely Curtis and I lived. We four had marched from Boston together, had lived and worked together, and were held together by strong bonds. Robert Shaw, who was very fond of Greely Curtis, came to tell us that he was going home to be colonel of the 54th Massachusetts Infantry, colored. This was great news, indeed a real event in our lives, for we all knew how much Robert cared for his own regiment, the 2d Massachusetts, how fond he was of his old comrades, and how contrary to his wishes this move was.

Sure of all this, and knowing well the full significance and nobility of the step, we two troopers expressed our strong approval and sympathy with his action, which greatly pleased him, for at that date plenty of good people frowned on the use of colored troops. Bob said, "Governor Andrew has asked me, and I am going; but if either of you fellows will go, I 'll gladly serve under you. I don't want the higher rank." We should have been glad to serve under him, but had our duty to perform in our own regiment; and so we could only bid him good-by.

From the beginning of the war, our great Governor

Andrew had thought that colored men should be enlisted as soldiers, and at last, after many urgent pleas from his eloquent lips, had got leave from the War Department to raise such a regiment in Massachusetts. Looking around for a commander, he had lighted on Robert Shaw, and asked his father, Mr. Francis G. Shaw, to take the offer to his son. Robert refused, doubting his own capacity, and his father went home. Next day Robert talked the matter over with his commanding officer, who assured him of his entire fitness for the task, and therefore he telegraphed to Governor Andrew his acceptance of the offer.

He writes at this time to his mother: "I feel convinced I shall never regret having taken this step, as far as I myself am concerned; for while I was undecided I felt ashamed of myself, as if I were cowardly." It was all in accord with his nature. He had a singularly simple, direct, earnest, true mind and character. He held strong opinions and beliefs which governed him, and was not tortured with doubts as so many people are. He took things as they came, and did the plain duty ready to his hand. He thought for himself; revolted at the sight of injustice or cruelty; was full of courage and manliness, and enriched and warmed his own life and that of others by his sympathy and affection. Not a sign of fanaticism or of sentimentality, but a deep, true and warm reverence for goodness and nobility in men and women, was always present and expressed. He had been fortunate in parents who held high and generous views of life, and who brought up their large family in the same spirit. Our land is to-day the richer for the work and the lives of this family circle, — of brilliant soldiers, scholars, public citizens, — Mr. Francis G. Shaw, General Francis C. Barlow, Colonel Charles R. Lowell, George William Curtis, and Robert

B. Minturn, — and the name of one woman now living is always heard throughout our land when good deeds are done.

During his camp life with the 2d Massachusetts, Robert Shaw, following his natural bent, had turned to the men of the highest character and ideas, and he gave them his confidence and affection. They in their turn loved him for his charms and his great virtues. In those days he never seemed to be a distinguished man, and yet even then a rare man. He was like a day in June, sweet, wholesome, vigorous, breezy.

But his qualities of which I speak blended so well that they carried him straight forward to a great work, and thus to high honor. With plenty of brains, he nevertheless was chiefly distinguished through his character, which is by far the finer and rarer gift.

My words fail to give a full picture of the man. Listen to a letter written just after Robert Shaw's death by one fellow-officer of the 2d Massachusetts to another. The writer had met Robert Shaw first in camp at Brook Farm, had served by his side for two years, and was himself a high-minded, simple-hearted, loyal soldier and gentleman, who had just distinguished himself highly at Gettysburg. He writes: —

"I suppose it was as great a shock to you as it was to me, Bob Shaw's death; it seemed almost impossible to realize it.

"I never had any one's death come home to me so, as his did. I never knew a fellow I liked so much nor could sympathize with so fully. He had such a happy disposition that it was always pleasant to be near him. I 've often in camp gone into his tent to sit and read, when neither of us would say a word for an hour, merely for this reason.

"I have accepted it as a natural consequence when other good fellows have been killed, but Bob's death I can't get over. I don't think I ever knew any one who had everything so in his favor for a happy life.

"Not looking at it selfishly, his death was certainly a glorious one. Very few officers have had such a chance to distinguish themselves, nor will be so well remembered. His regiment must have done nobly."

This is a letter to Colonel Greely Curtis from Colonel Charles Morse of the 2d Massachusetts, who sits among you; and is but what we all felt about our dear and happy comrade.

When Robert Shaw reached the camp of the 54th Regiment at Readville in February, he took up his task with both hands, and thoroughly trained himself, and ably assisted by all his officers he made his regiment ready for service by the end of May, a regiment with which he was well content. On the 2d of May, '63, he was married, and on the 28th of May, the 54th broke camp and came to Boston to take the steamer for South Carolina.

I would say a word of his white officers, with Colonel Norwood Hallowell and Colonel Edward Hallowell at the head of the list. They were young fellows, many of whom had already been serving in other regiments, while some were fresh from college or other pursuits. It was a very fine body of officers, who had looked their work in the face and were doing it well.

Can you see those brave black men, well-drilled and disciplined, proud of themselves, proud of their handsome colonel (he was only twenty-six years old) and of their gallant, earnest young white officers, marching through crowded streets in order to salute Governor Andrew, their true friend, standing before the State

House surrounded by his staff of chosen and faithful aids; and then once more marching to the steamer at Battery Wharf, while thousands of men and women cheered them — the despised race — to the echo as they went forth to blot out with their own blood the sin of the nation? Every negro knew that he ran other and greater risks than the soldiers of the white regiments; and still more, every one of those white officers knew that even at the hands of many, many Northern officers and men he would not receive equal treatment.

Such had been the opinion and feeling even in our own State, but the tide here had turned; turned through the courage and character of our great Governor, through the disinterestedness and devotion of these very white officers; turned by the power of God Almighty.

The 54th Regiment did its regular service and some sharp fighting, but Colonel Shaw was constantly seeking a chance to put his men to a severe trial by the side of tried white troops; and he was sure of the result. "I do hope they will give *us* a chance," he said. On July 18, an assault on Fort Wagner was ordered, and the lead was offered by General Strong to Colonel Shaw, who eagerly seized the chance.

The assault was ordered about sundown and made at once. All the preparations were in full sight of the men in the fort, who were ready to meet it. Colonel Shaw saw clearly the great danger of the assault; that it was a desperate chance; but thus far he had taken the duty right to hand, and he took this duty also. The attack gallantly made succeeded for a short time; but the resistance was equally gallant and stubborn, and the slaughter was great. The 54th, notwithstanding a hard fight, was beaten back, and Colonel Shaw, two of his officers, and many of his men, were killed, — killed right on the ramparts, while many more were wounded.

" Right in the van
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge, he fell
Foeward, as fits a man:
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet."

Thus these white officers and these black men had atoned, so far as in them lay, for the sin of slavery; and the negroes had won their places as brave, steady soldiers. Recruits as they were, they had been sorely tried, and by their gallantry had made an epoch in the war and in the history of the black race.

One fact you should know. General Thomas Stevenson of Massachusetts was in command of the field during the night following the assault, and personally saw to it that the wounded black soldiers were brought within our lines before the wounded white soldiers, thinking the former more likely to suffer at the hands of the enemy than the latter, for the Confederate Government had issued orders to hang or enslave any one serving in the colored regiments, because such service was regarded as inciting servile insurrection.

The 54th Regiment served throughout the war, distinguished itself by its steady courage in the field and by its soldierly bearing in camp and in Charleston, South Carolina, after the declaration of peace, and at last came home to due honor at the hands of Governor Andrew and his staff, standing on the State House steps just opposite to the spot where this monument has been placed.

In the name of our university, I salute the 54th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry Colored, officers and men, and thank them for their bravery and their steadfastness in service.

They have done their duty nobly, and will be immortalized by the beautiful monument which Mr. St. Gau-

dens has with infinite work and love wrought to their memory, and which he will unveil to our eyes to-morrow. Their story is but an episode in the story of the great war and in the story of civilization; and yet how momentous!

Harvard students! this record of past days is full of meaning for you and for us all, to-day and always. Our nation was in great trouble and in dire need of men who could see the truth — our Harvard motto — and uphold it. These men came forth and upheld the truth, and the trouble was overcome.

No doubt the cost in the lives of men and the agony of women, and also in the demoralization from war was great; but the right prevailed, and the United States of America came out of the fiery trial intact, and took its place among the great nations of the earth.

Of course, the troubled times developed these men, but the times will always be troubled, and will always develop men who are ready for service — be it war or peace.

War is a dreadful remedy, to be used only when all else fails, but when the great need comes, remember our Virginian Colonel Robert Williams' order to us, his troopers, "Gentlemen, during action if you are in doubt, ride straight to the front and charge!"

Boys, your generation also in turn has its own fresh ideals, and its message to the world, which we older men welcome; but we would also help you to see the needs of to-day.

We know that under stress of war you would prove yourselves brave and loyal soldiers, but your trial comes in the days of peace, and you as citizens are quite as much needed at the front as we were in '61.

Let your enthusiasm and your love for noble thoughts and deeds, for noble men and women, have full swing,

and they will show to you clearly your birthright, — the duty and beauty of serving your country.

The honor of the nation rests with you, for the hope of a nation is in its young men.

In yonder cloister, on the tablet with his classmates of 1860 is engraved the name of ROBERT GOULD SHAW. He will always be an heroic figure to you, while to us — his comrades — he will be all this, and furthermore the dear friend, respected and beloved.

Harvard students! whenever you hear of Colonel Shaw, or of any officer or of any man of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment, salute him in the name of Harvard University and Harvard men.

UNVEILING OF THE SHAW MONUMENT

MAY 31, 1897

UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW

CHIEF MARSHAL
Francis H. Appleton.

ADJUTANT GENERAL
James T. Soutter.

HONORARY MILITARY STAFF
Colonel Charles F. Morse.
Colonel Robert H. Stevenson.
Colonel James Francis.
Major Henry L. Higginson.

MILITARY AIDS
(Members of Governor Wolcott's Staff)
Colonel Gordon Dexter,
with 7th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and 1st Cadets, M. V. M.
Colonel Edward B. Robins,
with Battalion of Survivors.
Colonel Frank E. Locke,
with United States Forces.
Colonel Richard D. Sears,
with Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.

MOUNTED AIDS

George L. Peabody, *Chief.*

J. S. Russell.
W. Cameron Forbes.
R. L. Agassiz.
Copley Amory.
R. H. Hallowell.
Theodore Lyman, Jr.
T. G. Stevenson.
S. E. Courteney.
F. H. Kennard.
Chester C. Rumrill.
Robert Walcott.
Alexander H. Higginson.
J. Bertram Read.
R. E. Forbes.
D. H. Coolidge, Jr.
R. S. Codman.
Alexander H. Ladd.
Frank W. Hallowell.
T. P. Curtis.
B. B. Crowninshield.
Henry A. Curtis.
George Francis Curtis.
Thomas E. Sherwin.
Clement Morgan.
Edward W. Atkinson.

AIDS IN MUSIC HALL

Elliot C. Lee, *Chief.*

J. Mott Hallowell.
Hugh Williams.
J. Lowell Putnam.
Joseph Warren.
John Warren.
Walter Briggs.

REPORT OF GENERAL FRANCIS H. APPLETON

CHIEF MARSHAL AT THE UNVEILING OF THE COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW MONUMENT ON 31ST MAY, 1897.

WITH the approval of the Mayor of Boston, which city became the recipient of the Monument, and with the approval of the Governor of this Commonwealth where the Monument is to remain, Colonel Henry Lee, acting Chairman of the Committee of Subscribers, invited me, early in the spring, to act as Chief Marshal, and I accepted the invitation.

Having received the assurances of many persons that success in all respects, except from cloudy skies and a moist atmosphere, attended all parts of the ceremonies of unveiling, I have acknowledged the great help given me by others, by issuing a simple circular, which may not have reached all whom I wished. If not, I ask the indulgence of all such participants. The circular is hereafter made a part of this Report.

The procession on May 31st was ready to start on time — at 10 A. M. — and did so. The line of march is given in the Chief Marshal's General Order, No 1.

Although the rain fell lightly at times during the progress of the parade, large crowds lined the sidewalks and filled the windows of the buildings, and were on the public grounds along the line of march.

The movements of the troops were made in pursuance of General Orders, No. 1.

UNVEILING OF COL. ROBERT G. SHAW MONUMENT

HEADQUARTERS CHIEF MARSHAL

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 1. } 19 MILK STREET, BOSTON, May 24, 1897.

I. On May 31 the Chief Marshal will establish his headquarters at the junction of Beacon and Clarendon streets at 9.30 A. M., and Colonel James T. Soutter will be Adjutant-General to the Chief Marshal.

II. The Honorary Military Staff and Aids of the Chief Marshal will assemble on Clarendon Street, north of Beacon Street, promptly at 9.30 A. M., and report to Mr. Edward W. Atkinson, who will form them in sub-divisions of six files each, head of column resting on Beacon Street.

III. Organizations on arriving at the places assigned them by special orders will report the fact to Colonel Soutter at headquarters.

IV. The parade will be formed as follows: —

Platoon of mounted police.
2d Corps of Cadets, M. V. M., as escort to Chief Marshal and Staff.
Chief Marshal.
Chief of Staff.
Honorary Staff.
Aids.
United States Army.
United States Marines.
United States Blue Jackets.
Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.
7th Regiment National Guard State of New York.
1st Corps of Cadets, M. V. M.
Light Battery A, M. V. M.
Battalion of Survivors (54th and 55th Infantry, 5th Cavalry and Navy).
Ambulance Corps, M. V. M.
Governor and party.
Platoon of mounted police.

V. Each body of troops in the order named will take up the march as its head is uncovered by the organization which precedes it, preserving the order prescribed in paragraph IV.

VI. Organizations will march in column of companies at full distance at all times when the width of the street will permit. Guide will be right except on Summer Street.

VII. The column will move at 10 from the corner of Clarendon and Beacon streets over the following route: Clarendon Street (width 35 ft.), Commonwealth Avenue, north side (35 ft.), Hereford Street (35 ft.), Beacon Street (45 ft.), Beacon Street, beyond Park Street (22 ft.), School Street (20 ft.), Washington Street (23 ft.), State Street, north side of Old State House (19 ft.), Congress Street (34 ft.), High Street (33 ft.), Summer Street (34 ft.), to the corner of Washington Street, where the parade will be dismissed.

VIII. His Excellency Governor Wolcott has consented to review the parade at the corner of Commonwealth Avenue and Dartmouth Street, north side, place to be designated by a white flag. After the review, Governor Wolcott and distinguished guests will be escorted to the Monument.

IX. When the head of the parade is near the Monument at Joy Street, the Chief Marshal will direct the "Halt" to be sounded, which will be taken up by each organization. Line will then be formed to the left on the south sidewalk of Beacon Street, east of Charles Street, and will be prolonged westerly.

X. Governor Wolcott and party will then be escorted by Colonel Hallowell's Battalion of Survivors to the Monument, passing in front of the troops. Organizations will successively salute as His Excellency reaches the left of their line, the bands ceasing to play as the next band on their right takes up "Hail to the Chief." When Colonel Hallowell's Battalion has passed, each organization will immediately form column to the right and halt. The Monument having been unveiled, "Forward" will be sounded by order of the Chief Marshal, and the parade will be continued, passing the Monument, bands playing (see paragraph XV.). At the same time the U. S. war ships in the harbor and Battery A on the Common will be signaled to fire salutes in honor of the occasion.

XI. The parade will be reviewed by the Chief Marshal on

Summer Street, at the corner of Lincoln Street, place to be designated by a blue flag on the left.

XII. Troops will "port arms" for the salute at points designated by the white and blue flags.

XIII. Commanders will not leave the column to go near the reviewing officers, but will continue the march with their commands.

XIV. No halting of the column will be made in the vicinity of the dismissal. After clearing the corner of Washington and Summer streets, should any contraction of space take place, the order to close in mass will at once be given.

XV. Each band will play the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," as a march at Joy Street, on Beacon Street, and cease at Bowdoin Street. Bands will not turn out at the reviewing points, and will observe a cadence of one hundred paces per minute.

By Order of FRANCIS H. APPLETON,
Chief Marshal.

JAMES T. SOUTTER,
Adjutant-General.

Colonel N. P. Hallowell issued the following circular to the survivors of the Massachusetts colored regiments: —

[CIRCULAR No. 2.]

BOSTON, MASS., MAY 20, 1897.

TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH AND FIFTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY, AND THE FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY REGIMENTS.

COMRADES: —

The responses to Circular No. 1 indicate some 225 officers and enlisted men who will participate in the ceremonies of the dedication of the Memorial to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, at Boston, on Monday, May 31, 1897, including some twenty-five Massachusets veterans of the Navy who will march with the Battalion.

The main purpose of this Circular is to request Comrades to report promptly at 9 o'clock, Monday morning, on Arlington Street. There will be some thirty minutes only in which to form the command and to distribute the tickets for Music Hall. Comrades will wear dark clothes, blue preferred, with army hat or cap and white gloves.

At 9.30 o'clock the Battalion must be in readiness to be escorted to its place in line.

After the exercises in Music Hall the line will form on Winter Street, and thence march to Faneuil Hall, where a collation will be served.

The Battalion formation will be as follows : —

THE BOSTON GERMANIA BAND,
COMMANDER OF THE BATTALION AND HIS AIDS,
54th Infantry, COLONEL GEORGE POPE commanding.
55th Infantry, COLONEL WILLIAM NUTT commanding.
5th Cavalry, COLONEL HENRY S. RUSSELL commanding.*
Navy Veterans, under command of COMRADE JOSEPH H. SMITH.

AIDS TO COMMANDER.

LIEUTENANT STEPHEN S. SWAILS, 54th,
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. DUPREE, 55th,
LIEUTENANT CHARLES L. MITCHELL, 55th,
SERGEANT J. N. KELLOGG, 5th,
COMRADE ISAAC S. MULLEN, Navy.

Per order,
N. P. HALLOWELL,
Colonel Commanding Battalion of Survivors.

Address, LIEUTENANT WILLIAM H. DUPREE, Sec'y,
Station A, Boston, Mass.

Escorted by the military were the following invited guests in carriages: —

CARRIAGE NO 1.
Governor Wolcott.

* In the absence of Colonel Russell, Captain Henry P. Bowditch commanded the survivors of the 5th Cavalry.

Colonel Henry Lee, Chairman of the Committee of Subscribers, and member of Governor Andrew's Staff.
Adjutant-General Dalton.

CARRIAGE No. 2 (right).

Mayor Quincy.
Lieutenant-Governor Crane.
Admiral Sicard, U. S. Navy.
Commander West, Chief of Staff.

CARRIAGE No. 3 (left).

Colonel J. L. Carter, Governor's Staff.
Brigadier-General W. S. Stryker.
Captain Silas Casey, Commanding "New York."
Honorable William P. Lawrence, President of the Senate.

CARRIAGE No. 4.

Captain Frederick Rodgers, Commanding "Massachusetts."
President C. W. Eliot of Harvard University.

CARRIAGE No. 5.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, Treasurer of Committee.
Charles L. Barlow, nephew of Colonel Shaw.
President Booker T. Washington.
Hubert Minturn, nephew of Colonel Shaw.

CARRIAGE No. 6.

Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, Sculptor.
Professor William James, Orator.
Reverend Edward H. Hall, Chaplain.
Lieutenant C. C. Marsh, Flag Secretary.

CARRIAGE No. 7.

Honorable Martin P. Kennard, Member of the Committee.
Lieutenant E. H. Harlow, Flag Lieutenant U. S. N.
Colonel H. N. Hooper.

[A platoon from the 1st Corps of Cadets, M. V. M., marched in front of the Governor's carriage as body-guard.]

As the head of Colonel Hallowell's Battalion, escorting Governor Wolcott along the front of the line of troops on Beacon Street to the State House, reached the Monument, their line was formed on the south sidewalk of Beacon Street, and the Governor was saluted by them.

Upon alighting from the carriages the Governor and party took position on the front steps of the State House, and found the space between the State House fence and the Monument cleared of people. Colonel Henry Lee, Chairman, addressed the Governor briefly, and at a signal the beautiful Monument was unveiled by two nephews of Colonel Shaw, under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Atkinson.

His Excellency, Governor Roger Wolcott, replied briefly; and simultaneously with the unveiling, the three U. S. ships lying in the upper harbor, the flagship New York, the Massachusetts, and the Texas, commenced, each in turn, firing salutes of twenty-one guns; while Battery "A," M. V. M., Captain J. C. R. Peabody, commenced a salute of seventeen guns on the Parade Ground of the Common; and the march was resumed, with the leading band playing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the tune being "Glory, glory, Hallelujah."

At the moment of unveiling, the Chief Marshal and his bugler were at the side of Colonel Lee, on the State House sidewalk. As the flags fell from the Monument, the bugler was ordered to sound "forward," the signalman on the top of the State House dipped his flag, the two signal men on the Ames Building were permitted to lower the large flag on that building, and the six opera glasses on the war ships caught a glimpse of the falling flag, as the clouds kindly parted, which was their signal to commence firing. In like manner, but along the mall

of the Common, by its own men, was the Battery notified to begin its salute.

The procession having moved again, the Chief Marshal resumed his place in the column.

The Governor and party under 1st Cadet escort, and with the attention of the dismounted Aids, soon resumed their places in the carriages, and were ready to be escorted to the Winter Street entrance of Music Hall through the business portion of the city.

After reviewing the troops, the Chief Marshal and Honorary Military Staff took position in front of Colonel Hallowell's Battalion, and, proceeding up Summer to Winter Street, there dismounted and entered Music Hall.

The presence in Boston of the famous 7th Regiment of New York, with which Colonel Shaw first went to the front in 1861, was a marked feature in the parade.

The entertainment of the 7th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., by the 1st Corps of Cadets, and the proposed trip of both these organizations to the Country Club on Monday, which rain prevented; together with the impressive service held in Trinity Church on the previous Sunday afternoon by Dr. E. Winchester Donald, exclusively for these two organizations, the Chief Marshal and his Adjutant-General being permitted to attend, should be here recorded.

The courtesy extended by the 2d Corps of Cadets was a feature of May 31.

I conclude my Report with the following circular, to which I have already referred: —

HEADQUARTERS CHIEF MARSHAL.

CIRCULAR. 19 MILK STREET,
BOSTON, 1 June, 1897.

Expressions of high appreciation are hereby extended to all who have in any way taken part in securing the success

which attended the ceremonies incident to the unveiling of the Memorial to Colonel Robert G. Shaw, made possible by the Subscribers, framed and to be guarded by the City of Boston, and made grand by Augustus St. Gaudens.

Especial appreciation is extended to the detachments from the Army, Marine Corps, and Navy; to the 7th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.; to the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia; and to the survivors of the 54th and 55th Infantry, 5th Cavalry and Navy, who participated in the parade.

FRANCIS H. APPLETON,
Chief Marshal.

CEREMONIES

INCIDENT TO
THE UNVEILING OF THE

COLONEL ROBERT G. SHAW MONUMENT

AT

MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, MONDAY, 31 MAY, 1897

ORDER OF EXERCISES

MUSIC . . . . . *Patriotic Airs* . . . . Instrumental

MEETING called to order by the Chief Marshal, and the Chairman of the Committee on the Monument called to preside.

PRAYER . . . . Rev. Edward H. Hall, *Chaplain of the Day*

GREETING to His Excellency the Governor, Roger Wolcott, and Transfer of the Monument to His Honor the Mayor of Boston, by the Chairman of the Committee.

ADDRESS of His Excellency, Governor Wolcott, *Presiding Officer*

ACCEPTANCE by His Honor, Mayor Quincy.

CHORUS . . . . . *"Our Heroes"*

ORATION . . . Prof. William James, *of Harvard University*

CHORUS . . . . . *"Battle Hymn of the Republic"*

ADDRESS . Pres. Booker T. Washington, *of Tuskegee Institute*

MUSIC . . . . . *America** . . . . . Instrumental

*All joined in singing the air.

CEREMONIES AT MUSIC HALL

SEATED upon the platform were the following guests: —

Gen. George L. Andrews.
Gen. F. H. Appleton.
Edward Atkinson.
Col. G. M. Barnard.
Hon. A. W. Beard.
Admiral Geo. E. Belknap.
Maj. George Blagden.
Maj. Louis Cabot.
Lieut. C. P. Clark, U. S. N.
Col. Charles R. Codman.
Capt. Henry N. Conrey.
Joseph A. Conry, *President Common Council.*
Lieut. James W. Cooke.
Lieut.-Gov. Crane.
Edward Parker Deacon.
Perlie A. Dyer, *Chairman Board of Aldermen.*
President Charles W. Eliot.
Col. J. M. Ellis.
William Endicott, Jr.
Col. W. H. Forbes.
Capt. John A. Fox.
Col. James Francis.
Hosea Gray.
Maj. J. C. Gray.
Col. Joseph W. Gelray.
Rev. Edward H. Hall.
Col. N. P. Hallowell.
Capt. Francis L. Higginson.
Col. H. L. Higginson.
Col. O. W. Holmes.
Capt. Edward H. Holt.
Surg. John Homans.
Col. Henry N. Hooper.
Col. Charles H. Hopper.
Col. Charles P. Horton.
Com. Howison, *Navy Yard.*
William Jackson, *City Engineer.*
Prof. William James, *Orator.*

CEREMONIES AT MUSIC HALL

M. P. Kennard.
Rt. Rev. William Lawrence.
Wm. P. Lawrence, *President of Senate.*
Col. Henry Lee.
John M. Little.
Col. Thomas L. Livermore.
Gen. Charles G. Loring.
Herbert Lyman.
Lieut. Wm. T. McAlpine.
Capt. Dennis Meehan.
Lieut. George W. Moore.
Col. C. F. Morse.
Col. T. L. Motley.
Gen. Robert S. Oliver.
George L. Osgood, *Leader of Chorus.*
Gen. John C. Palfrey.
Theodore K. Parker.
Gen. Charles L. Peirson.
Lieut. Richard Pendergast.
Capt. George Perkins, U. S. N.
Hon. E. L. Pierce.
Col. George Pope.
Mayor Josiah Quincy.
Col. A. A. Rand.
Gen. John H. Reed.
Capt. Morris P. Richardson.
Royal E. Robbins.
Col. Edward B. Robins.
John C. Ropes.
Col. Thomas Sherwin.
Maj. J. L. Stackpole.
Gen. Hazard Stevens.
Col. Robert H. Stevenson.
Augustus St. Gaudens.
Capt. Howard Stockton.
Col. Lincoln R. Stone.
Wilson B. Strong.
Brig.-Gen. Stryker.
J. L. Thorndike.
Hon. Winslow Warren.
Gen. Stephen M. Weld.
Governor Roger Wolcott.
Booker T. Washington.

REPORT

OF COLONEL HENRY LEE

ACTING CHAIRMAN

SHORTLY after 12.20 P. M., when the Germania Band had concluded several patriotic airs, the Chief Marshal, Francis H. Appleton, called to order those assembled, who more than filled the hall, and said: —

"I deem it a high honor to be permitted to call to order this vast and distinguished audience, myself a soldier of modern times in the presence of these veterans of war. I esteem it a further honor, and pleasure, to present to you as temporary Chairman, Colonel Henry Lee, Chairman of the Committee of Subscribers, and a member of our war Governor John A. Andrew's staff.

REPORT OF COLONEL HENRY LEE

ACTING CHAIRMAN

YOU are too partial in calling me chairman of the committee. I wish the chairman, John M. Forbes, were here, — a man identified with Governor Andrew from the cold, chilly morning of preparation to the last review of the army in Washington. I say deliberately that there was no citizen of the Commonwealth who rendered more varied, more continuous, more valuable service during the war than John M. Forbes. To the State "his purse, his person, his extremest means lay all unlocked to her occasions." Unfortunately, old age has arrested him and prevented him from taking his place as chairman this morning.

Friends, more than twenty years ago the subscribers appointed a committee with full powers to procure a fitting testimonial to Col. Robert G. Shaw and his brave black soldiers. That committee has completed its task. It has invited the subscribers, the family and friends of the hero, with the remnant of his followers, some of his old comrades in arms, and all others interested, to listen to its final report, to look upon the memorial they have procured, to discharge the committee from further labors, and, if so minded, to crown them with approbation.

We ask your Excellency to preside on this occasion as the chief magistrate of the Commonwealth, and especially as the successor to our great war governor — the governor who was the first to prepare for war, the first to prepare for peace, the first to urge the policy of emancipation as a war measure, the first to insist upon the right and duty of the colored men to bear arms, feeling that not only the liberties of the colored men, but that the destinies of the country itself were involved in this question.

When, after two years' delay, the official sanction was granted, he hastened to organize regiments, to watch over them and contend for their rights, — promised and withheld.

"The monument," said Governor Andrew in his call for subscriptions, "is intended not only to mark the public gratitude to the fallen hero, who at a critical moment assumed a perilous responsibility, but also to commemorate that great event wherein he was a leader, by which the title of colored men as citizen soldiers was fixed beyond recall."

Time is wanting to detail the labors, anxieties, and disappointments, the weary delays encountered, the antipathy and incredulity of the army and the public at the employment of colored men as soldiers; the outrageous injustice of the Government to the colored soldiers even after the bloody assault on Fort Wagner, and the final triumph of the governor, only after a long legal struggle, and after he and his colored soldiers had passed through great anxiety and misery.

"I was opposed on nearly every side when I first favored the raising of colored regiments," said President Lincoln to General Grant, and no one can appreciate the heroism of Colonel Shaw and his officers and soldiers without adding to the savage threats of the enemy, the

disapprobation of friends, the antipathy of the army, the sneers of the multitude here, without reckoning the fire in the rear as well as the fire in front. One must have the highest form of courage not to shrink from such dismaying solitude.

As to the fallen hero who "had put on the crown of martyrdom," the governor had selected him, after deliberation, from a family consecrated to patriotism; had admired his heroism and was heartsick at his loss.

To express the universal grief at that loss and the appreciation of the great event in which he was a leader, this monument has been erected.

The State, through Governor Long, generously offered to the committee an admirable site for the monument, but upon examination this was declined lest the State House grounds should be disfigured. In this emergency the city came to our rescue, and not only furnished the ground, but made a liberal contribution of the terrace and framework of the monument. We therefore must turn to you, Mr. Mayor, and transfer to your Honor this precious memorial.

A generation has passed since this great work was contemplated. It is over twenty years since it was entrusted to the committee which I represent, and twelve years since it was confided to the sculptor, Mr. St. Gaudens. Two years was the time allotted for its completion. These two years have lengthened into twelve, a period of great anxiety for the committee lest they should not survive to accomplish their task, or, what was more important, lest the sculptor should be taken away, with his work unfinished. Those twelve years have been improved by the artist, whose inexorable conscience compelled him to prolong his labors at all hazards until his ideal should be realized.

REPORT OF COLONEL HENRY LEE

Your Honor has witnessed the unveiling of the monument, and will, I am sure, congratulate us that, thanks to the sculptor, we have builded better than we knew.

No sweeter praise could be craved by any artist than the eulogy pronounced upon his work by the mother of the hero.

"You have immortalized my native city, you have immortalized my dear son, you have immortalized yourself."

ADDRESS

OF HIS EXCELLENCY ROGER WOLCOTT

GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

so homely that they lend themselves to no rhetorical expression, yet habits more precious, perhaps, than any that the human race has gained. They can never be too often pointed out or praised. One of them is the habit of trained and disciplined good temper towards the opposite party when it fairly wins its innings; and the other, that of fierce and merciless resentment towards every man or set of men who overstep the lawful bounds of fairness or break the public peace.

O my countrymen, Southern and Northern, brothers hereafter, masters, slaves, and enemies no more, let us see to it that both of those heirlooms are preserved. So may our ransomed country, like the city of the promise, lie forever foursquare under Heaven, and the ways of all the nations be lit up by its light.

dred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by a drop of blood drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

The great price was paid, — the price of heaped-up treasure, the price of blood drawn from the veins of the generous and gallant youth of the land. But no heart to-day, howsoever deeply wounded, can grudge that price. Willingly and gladly it was given, and it is not with sorrow, but with joy, that we commemorate the sacrifice.

And so it is with joyful and thankful hearts that we remember the great deed which is to-day commemorated. Sleep well, noble and heroic dead! Live long, equally noble and heroic survivors. Like those who fell, you held out your lives a sacrifice to country, and a grateful nation treasures your act as a part of her undying fame.

The beautiful monument which we have witnessed unveiled, in which the sculptor, with the hand of genius seems to have caught, as if by inspiration, and to have fixed in permanent bronze, the very spirit of that sacrifice — that monument becomes to-day the property of the city of Boston. I have the honor of presenting to you His Honor Mayor Quincy.

ADDRESS

OF HIS HONOR JOSIAH QUINCY

MAYOR OF BOSTON

till the end is reached. From first to last there is not a rancorous word against the enemy, — often quite the reverse, — and amid all the scenes of hardship, death, and devastation that his pen soon has to write of, there is unfailing cheerfulness and even a sort of innermost peace.

After he left it, Robert Shaw's heart still clung to the fortunes of the Second. Months later, when in South Carolina with the 54th, he writes to his young wife: "I should have been major of the Second now if I had remained there and lived through the battles. As regards my own pleasure, I had rather have that place than any other in the army. It would have been fine to go home a field officer in that regiment! Poor fellows, how they have been slaughtered!"

Meanwhile he had well taught his new command how to do their duty; for only three days after he wrote this he led them up the parapet of Fort Wagner, where he and nearly half of them were left upon the ground.

Robert Shaw quickly inspired others with his own love of discipline. There was something almost pathetic in the earnestness with which both the officers and men of the 54th embraced their mission of showing that a black regiment could excel in every virtue known to man. They had good success, and the 54th became a model in all possible respects. Almost the only trace of bitterness in Shaw's whole correspondence is over an incident in which he thought his men had been morally disgraced. It had become their duty, immediately after their arrival at the seat of war, to participate, in obedience to fanatical orders from the head of the department, in the sack and burning of the inoffensive little town of Darien on the Georgia coast. "I fear," he writes to his wife, "that such actions will hurt the reputation of black troops and of those connected with them.

command. The outward and visible sign of the enfranchisement of a race was here given when the fugitive slave, transformed into a soldier by authority of a liberty-loving State, went forth to bear his part in maintaining the union of the nation and winning the freedom of his people.

Two months later the answer to the question whether the negro could fight and die for his country, like the white man, came back, written in letters of blood, from the ramparts of Fort Wagner; and a mighty army of colored troops, no inconsiderable factor in the attainment of the victory of the North, followed where Colonel Shaw and the 54th Massachusetts had led the way.

A common trench in the soil of South Carolina, upon the battle ground which has been well called the Bunker Hill of the colored race, was the fitting sepulchre of white and black, of officer and private. To-day we raise their monument, not over this far-off and unmarked grave, but here upon the corner of Boston Common, where began the march that ended for them at Wagner. Facing the Capitol of the State in whose service they were mustered in, on the spot where Governor Andrew reviewed them and sent them forth with the godspeed of the Commonwealth, we place this memorial, — not as a mere likeness of the face and form of Shaw, but as a monument to the soul of the regiment which he led, as an expression of the great idea, of the high purpose which called it into being.

Once more it marches to-day with full ranks, its survivors again passing through the streets which first knew their martial tread a third of a century ago, the dead, recalled to life by the genius of the sculptor, again marching by the side of their heroic young commander.

"The rest," says the dying Hamlet, "is silence." Yet from that silence beyond the grave — silence to us only

because our ears are not yet attuned to its harmonies — there come some living voices, repeating their message to generation after generation. Such, I think, will be the voice of Shaw, speaking through those closed lips of bronze. It is not often those whom the world esteems the most successful, or the greatest, who leave the most valuable examples and lessons to posterity. It is rather the man whose life or death touches some deep chord of universal sympathy, or appeals to the imagination or the sentiment of all mankind. When far greater soldiers are forgotten, our descendants will still cherish the memory of the gallant youth who fell "with his hurts before," leading a hopeless charge, blazing the path of freedom for a race in bondage.

Col. Henry Lee: On behalf of the city of Boston, I now gratefully accept the gift, precious alike as a memorial of the heroic dead and as a noble work of art, which you, on behalf of the committee which has so long had its execution in charge, have just placed in her keeping. May it stand in its place, telling its great and simple story, while this city shall stand. I extend to you, sir, who stood by the side of Governor Andrew, in whose great heart this regiment had its birth, at whose call Shaw assumed its command, my felicitations at having lived to see the dedication of this monument, which is in no small measure a memorial to the war governor whom you assisted in his great task.

I should fall short of my duty on this occasion if I failed also to express the thanks of the city to the sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens, who has made the execution of this great work his chief concern through so many years, largely as a labor of love, and to congratulate him upon its more than successful completion. May the lesson which it teaches sink more deeply into the hearts

column, if you say yes. Your men, I know, are worn out, but do as you choose." Shaw's face brightened. "Before answering the general, he instantly turned to me," writes the adjutant, who reports the interview, "and said, 'Tell Colonel Hallowell to bring up the 54th immediately.'"

This was done, and just before nightfall the attack was made. Shaw was serious, for he knew the assault was desperate, and had a premonition of his end. Walking up and down in front of the regiment, he briefly exhorted them to prove that they were men. Then he gave the order: "Move in quick time till within a hundred yards, then double quick and charge. Forward!" and the 54th advanced to the storming, its colonel and the colors at its head.

On over the sand, through a narrow defile which broke up the formation, double quick over the chevaux de frise, into the ditch and over it, as best they could, and up the rampart; with Fort Sumter, which had seen them, playing on them, and Fort Wagner, now one mighty mound of fire, tearing out their lives. Shaw led from first to last. Gaining successfully the parapet, he stood there for a moment with uplifted sword, shouting "Forward, 54th!" and then fell headlong, with a bullet through his heart. The battle raged for nigh two hours. Regiment after regiment, following upon the 54th, hurled themselves upon its ramparts, but Fort Wagner was nobly defended, and for that night stood safe. The 54th withdrew after two thirds of its officers and five twelfths or nearly half its men had been shot down or bayoneted within the fortress or before its walls. It was good behavior for a regiment no one of whose soldiers had had a musket in his hands more than 18 weeks, and which had seen the enemy for the first time only two days before.

ORATION

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES

OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

GOVERNOR WOLCOTT: In that splendid charge at Fort Wagner, side by side with those to whom was given the happy destiny of an heroic death, were others, white and black, who like them gladly held out their lives a willing offering to Fate. Among these, wounded but not dead, fell Adjutant James. It is fitting that the committee should have selected his brother, Professor William James of Harvard University, to tell the story that is commemorated in this monument.

ORATION BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES

YOUR Excellency, your Honor, Soldiers and Friends: In these unveiling exercises the duty falls to me of expressing in simple words some of the feelings which have actuated the givers of St. Gaudens' noble work of bronze, and of briefly recalling the history of Robert Shaw and of his regiment to the memory of this possibly too forgetful generation.

The men who do brave deeds are usually unconscious of their picturesqueness. For two nights previous to the assault upon Fort Wagner, the 54th Massachusetts Regiment had been afoot, making forced marches in the rain; and on the day of the battle the men had had no food since early morning. As they lay there in the evening twilight, hungry and wet, against the cold sands of Morris Island, with the sea-fog drifting over them, their eyes fixed on the huge bulk of the fortress looming darkly three quarters of a mile ahead against the sky, and their hearts beating in expectation of the word that was to bring them to their feet and launch them on their desperate charge, neither officers nor men could have been in any holiday mood of contemplation. Many and different must have been the thoughts that came and went in them during that hour of bodeful reverie; but however free the flights of fancy of some of them may have been,

it is improbable that any one who lay there had so wild and whirling an imagination as to foresee in prophetic vision this morning of a future May, when we, the people of a richer and more splendid Boston, with mayor and governor, and troops from other States, and every circumstance of ceremony, should meet together to celebrate their conduct on that evening, and do their memory this conspicuous honor.

How, indeed, comes it that out of all the great engagements of the war, engagements in many of which the troops of Massachusetts had borne the most distinguished part, this officer, only a young colonel, this regiment of black men and its maiden battle, — a battle, moreover, which was lost, — should be picked out for such unusual commemoration?

The historic importance of an event is measured neither by its material magnitude, nor by its immediate success. Thermopylæ was a defeat; but to the Greek imagination, Leonidas and his few Spartans stood for the whole worth of Grecian life. Bunker Hill was a defeat; but for our people, the fight over that breastwork has always seemed to show as well as any victory that our forefathers were men of a temper not to be finally overcome. And so here. The war for our Union, with all the constitutional questions which it settled, and all the military lessons which it gathered in, has throughout its dilatory length but one meaning in the eye of history. It freed the country from the social plague which until then had made political development impossible in the United States. More and more, as the years pass, does that meaning stand forth as the sole meaning. And nowhere was that meaning better symbolized and embodied than in the constitution of this first Northern negro regiment.

Look at that monument and read the story — see the

so homely that they lend themselves to no rhetorical expression, yet habits more precious, perhaps, than any that the human race has gained. They can never be too often pointed out or praised. One of them is the habit of trained and disciplined good temper towards the opposite party when it fairly wins its innings; and the other, that of fierce and merciless resentment towards every man or set of men who overstep the lawful bounds of fairness or break the public peace.

O my countrymen, Southern and Northern, brothers hereafter, masters, slaves, and enemies no more, let us see to it that both of those heirlooms are preserved. So may our ransomed country, like the city of the promise, lie forever foursquare under Heaven, and the ways of all the nations be lit up by its light.

Andrew invited him to take the lead in the experiment. He was very modest, and doubted, for a moment, his own capacity for so responsible a post. We may also imagine human motives whispering other doubts. Shaw loved the Second Regiment, illustrious already, and was sure of promotion where he stood. In this new negro-soldier venture, loneliness was certain, ridicule inevitable, failure possible; and Shaw was only twenty-five; and, although he had stood among the bullets at Cedar Mountain and Antietam, he had till then been walking socially on the sunny side of life. But whatever doubts may have beset him, they were over in a day, for he inclined naturally towards difficult resolves. He accepted the proffered command, and from that moment lived but for one object, to establish the honor of the Massachusetts 54th.

I have had the privilege of reading his letters to his family from the day of April when, as a private in the New York Seventh, he obeyed the President's first call. Some day they must be published, for they form a veritable poem for serenity and simplicity of tone. He took to camp life as if it were his native element, and (like so many of our young soldiers) he was at first all eagerness to make arms his permanent profession. Drilling and disciplining; interminable marching and countermarching and picket-duty on the upper Potomac as lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts Infantry, to which post he had soon been promoted; pride at the discipline attained by the Second, and horror at the bad discipline of other regiments; these are the staple matter of the earlier letters, and last for many months. These, and occasional more recreative incidents, visits to Virginian houses, the reading of books like Napier's "Peninsular War" or the "Idylls of the King," Thanksgiving feasts and races among officers, that helped the weary weeks to glide away. Then the bloodier business opens, and the plot thickens

such an emergency Americans of all complexions and conditions can go forth like brothers, and meet death cheerfully if need be, in order that this religion of our native land shall not become a failure on the earth.

We of this Commonwealth believe in that religion; and it is not at all because Robert Shaw was an exceptional genius, but simply because he was faithful to it as we all may hope to be faithful in our measure when occasion serves, that we wish his beautiful image to stand here for all time, an inciter to similarly unselfish public deeds.

Shaw thought but little of himself, yet he had a personal charm which, as we look back on him, makes us say with the poet: "None knew thee but to love thee, none named thee but to praise." This grace of nature was united in him in the happiest way with a filial heart, a cheerful ready will, and a judgment that was true and fair. And when the war came, and great things were doing of the kind that he could help in, he went as a matter of course to the front. What country under heaven has not thousands of such youths to rejoice in, youths on whom the safety of the human race depends? Whether or not they leave memorials behind them, whether their names are writ in water or in marble, depends mostly on the opportunities which the accidents of history throw into their path. Shaw recognized the vital opportunity: he saw that the time had come when the colored people must put the country in their debt.

Colonel Lee has just told us something about the obstacles with which this idea had to contend. For a large party of us this was still exclusively a white man's war; and should colored troops be tried and not succeed, confusion would grow worse confounded. Shaw was a captain in the Massachusetts Second, when Governor

For myself I have gone through the war so far without dishonor, and I do not like to degenerate into a plunderer and a robber, — and the same applies to every officer in my regiment. After going through the hard campaigning and the hard fighting in Virginia, this makes me very much ashamed. There are two courses only for me to pursue: to obey orders and say nothing; or to refuse to go upon any more such expeditions, and be put under arrest and probably court-martialed, which is a very serious thing." Fortunately for Shaw, the general in command of that department was almost immediately relieved.

Four weeks of camp life and discipline on the Sea Islands, and the regiment had its baptism of fire. A small affair, but it proved the men to be stanch. Shaw again writes to his wife: "You don't know what a fortunate day this has been for me and for us all, excepting some poor fellows who were killed and wounded. We have fought at last alongside of white troops. Two hundred of my men on picket this morning were attacked by five regiments of infantry, some cavalry, and a battery of artillery. The 10th Connecticut were on their left, and say they would have had a bad time if the 54th men had not stood so well. The whole division was under arms in fifteen minutes, and after coming up close in front of us, the enemy, finding us so strong, fell back. . . . General Terry sent me word he was highly gratified with the behavior of our men, and the officers and privates of other regiments praise us very much. All this is very gratifying to us personally, and a fine thing for the colored troops. I know this will give you pleasure, for it wipes out the remembrance of the Darien affair, which you could not but grieve over, though we were innocent participators."

The adjutant of the 54th, who made report of this

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skirmish to General Terry, well expresses the feelings of loneliness that still prevailed in that command: —

"The general's favorite regiment," writes the adjutant,[1] "the 24th Massachusetts Infantry, one of the best that had so far faced the rebel foe, largely officered by Boston men, was surrounding his headquarters. It had been a living breathing suspicion with us — perhaps not altogether justly — that all white troops abhorred our presence in the army, and that the 24th would rather hear of us in some remote corner of the Confederacy than tolerate us in the advance of any battle in which they themselves were to act as reserves or lookers-on. Can you not then readily imagine the pleasure which I felt as I alighted from my horse, before General Terry and his staff — I was going to say his unfriendly staff, but of this I am not sure — to report to him, with Colonel Shaw's compliments, that we had repulsed the enemy without the loss of a single inch of ground. General Terry bade me mount again and tell Colonel Shaw that he was proud of the conduct of his men, and that he must still hold the ground against any future sortie of the enemy. You can even now share with me the sensation of that moment of soldierly satisfaction."

The next night but one after this episode was spent by the 54th in disembarking on Morris Island in the rain, and at noon Colonel Shaw was able to report their arrival to General Strong, to whose brigade he was assigned. A terrific bombardment was playing on Fort Wagner, then the most formidable earthwork ever built, and the general, knowing Shaw's desire to place his men beside white troops, said to him: "Colonel, Fort Wagner is to be stormed this evening, and you may lead the

[1] G. W. James: "The Assault upon Fort Wagner," in *War Papers read before the Commandery of the State of Wisconsin, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the U. S.* Milwaukee, 1891.

photographs themselves erelong will fade utterly, and books of history and monuments like this alone will tell the tale. The great war for the Union will be like the siege of Troy, it will have taken its place amongst all other "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago."

Ah, my friends, and may the like of it never be required of us again!

It is hard to end a discourse like this without one word of moralizing; and two things must be distinguished in all events like those we are commemorating, — the moral service of them on the one hand, and on the other the physical fortitude which they display. War has been much praised and celebrated among us of late as a school of manly virtue; but it is easy to exaggerate upon this point. Ages ago, war was the gory cradle of mankind, the grim-featured nurse that alone could train our savage progenitors into some semblance of social virtue, teach them to be faithful one to another, and force them to sink their selfishness in wider tribal ends. War still excels in this prerogative; and whether it be paid in years of service, in treasure, or in life-blood, the war tax is still the only tax that men ungrudgingly will pay. How could it be otherwise, when the survivors of one successful massacre after another are the beings from whose loins we and all our contemporary races spring? Man is once for all a fighting animal; centuries of peaceful history could not breed the battle-instinct out of us; and military virtue is the kind of virtue least in need of reinforcement by reflection, least in need of orator's or poet's help.

What we really need the poet's and orator's help to keep alive in us is not, then, the common and gregarious courage which Robert Shaw showed when he marched with you, men of the Seventh Regiment. It is that more

lonely courage which he showed when he dropped his warm commission in the glorious Second to head your dubious fortunes, negroes of the 54th. That lonely kind of valor (civic courage as we call it in peace times) is the kind of valor to which the monuments of nations should most of all be reared, for the survival of the fittest has not bred it into the bone of human beings as it has bred military valor; and of five hundred of us who could storm a battery side by side with others, perhaps not one would be found ready to risk his worldly fortunes all alone in resisting an enthroned abuse. The deadliest enemies of nations are not their foreign foes; they always dwell within their borders. And from these internal enemies civilization is always in need of being saved. The nation blest above all nations is she in whom the civic genius of the people does the saving day by day, by acts without external picturesqueness; by speaking, writing, voting reasonably; by smiting corruption swiftly; by good temper between parties; by the people knowing true men when they see them, and preferring them as leaders to rabid partisans or empty quacks. Such nations have no need of wars to save them. Their accounts with righteousness are always even; and God's judgments do not have to overtake them fitfully in bloody spasms and convulsions of the race.

The lesson that our war ought most of all to teach us is the lesson that evils must be checked in time, before they grow so great. The Almighty cannot love such long-postponed accounts, or such tremendous settlements. And surely He hates all settlements that do such quantities of incidental devils' work. Our present situation, with its rancors and delusions, what is it but the direct outcome of the added powers of government, the corruptions and inflations of the war? Every war leaves such miserable legacies, fatal seeds of future war and revolu-

tion, unless the civic virtues of the people save the State in time.

Shaw had both kinds of virtue. As he then led his regiment against Fort Wagner, so surely would he now be leading us against all lesser powers of darkness, had his sweet young life been spared. You think of many as I speak of one. For, North and South, how many lives as sweet, unmonumented for the most part, commemorated solely in the hearts of mourning mothers, widowed brides, or friends, did the inexorable war mow down! Instead of the full years of natural service from so many of her children, our country counts but their poor memories, "the tender grace of a day that is dead," lingering like echoes of past music on the vacant air.

But so and so only was it written that she should grow sound again. From that fatal earlier unsoundness those lives have bought for North and South together permanent release. The warfare is accomplished; the iniquity is pardoned. No future problem can be like that problem. No task laid on our children can compare in difficulty with the task with which their fathers have to deal. Yet as we face the future, tasks enough await us. The republic to which Robert Shaw and a quarter of a million like him were faithful unto death is no republic that can live at ease hereafter on the interest of what they won. Democracy is still upon its trial. The civic genius of our people is its only bulwark, and neither laws nor monuments, neither battleships nor public libraries, nor great newspapers nor booming stocks; neither mechanical invention nor political adroitness, nor churches nor universities nor civil-service examinations can save us from degeneration if the inner mystery be lost. That mystery, at once the secret and the glory of our English-speaking race, consists in nothing but two common habits, two inveterate habits carried into public life, — habits

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O my countrymen, Southern and Northern, brothers hereafter, masters, slaves, and enemies no more, let us see to it that both of those heirlooms are preserved. So may our ransomed country, like the city of the promise, lie forever foursquare under Heaven, and the ways of all the nations be lit up by its light.

inaccurate methods, destroying good and bad together, but at last unquestionably able to hew a way out of intolerable situations, when through man's delusion or perversity every better way is blocked.

Our great western republic had from its very origin been a singular anomaly. A land of freedom, boastfully so-called, with human slavery enthroned at the heart of it, and at last dictating terms of unconditional surrender to every other organ of its life, what was it but a thing of falsehood and horrible self-contradiction? For three quarters of a century it had nevertheless endured, kept together by policy, compromise, and concession. But at last that republic was torn in two; and truth was to be possible under the flag. Truth, thank God, truth! even though for the moment it must be truth written in hell-fire.

And this, fellow-citizens, is why, after the great generals have had their monuments, and long after the abstract soldier's-monuments have been reared on every village green, we have chosen to take Robert Shaw and his regiment as the subjects of the first soldier's-monument to be raised to a particular set of comparatively undistinguished men. The very lack of external complication in the history of these soldiers is what makes them represent with such typical purity the profounder meaning of the Union cause.

Our nation had been founded in what we may call our American religion, baptized and reared in the faith that a man requires no master to take care of him, and that common people can work out their salvation well enough together if left free to try. But the founders of the Union had not dared to touch the great intractable exception; and slavery had wrought and spread, until at last the only alternative for the nation was to fight or die. What Shaw and his comrades stand for and show us is that in

such an emergency Americans of all complexions and conditions can go forth like brothers, and meet death cheerfully if need be, in order that this religion of our native land shall not become a failure on the earth.

We of this Commonwealth believe in that religion; and it is not at all because Robert Shaw was an exceptional genius, but simply because he was faithful to it as we all may hope to be faithful in our measure when occasion serves, that we wish his beautiful image to stand here for all time, an inciter to similarly unselfish public deeds.

Shaw thought but little of himself, yet he had a personal charm which, as we look back on him, makes us say with the poet: "None knew thee but to love thee, none named thee but to praise." This grace of nature was united in him in the happiest way with a filial heart, a cheerful ready will, and a judgment that was true and fair. And when the war came, and great things were doing of the kind that he could help in, he went as a matter of course to the front. What country under heaven has not thousands of such youths to rejoice in, youths on whom the safety of the human race depends? Whether or not they leave memorials behind them, whether their names are writ in water or in marble, depends mostly on the opportunities which the accidents of history throw into their path. Shaw recognized the vital opportunity: he saw that the time had come when the colored people must put the country in their debt.

Colonel Lee has just told us something about the obstacles with which this idea had to contend. For a large party of us this was still exclusively a white man's war; and should colored troops be tried and not succeed, confusion would grow worse confounded. Shaw was a captain in the Massachusetts Second, when Governor

Andrew invited him to take the lead in the experiment. He was very modest, and doubted, for a moment, his own capacity for so responsible a post. We may also imagine human motives whispering other doubts. Shaw loved the Second Regiment, illustrious already, and was sure of promotion where he stood. In this new negro-soldier venture, loneliness was certain, ridicule inevitable, failure possible; and Shaw was only twenty-five; and, although he had stood among the bullets at Cedar Mountain and Antietam, he had till then been walking socially on the sunny side of life. But whatever doubts may have beset him, they were over in a day, for he inclined naturally towards difficult resolves. He accepted the proffered command, and from that moment lived but for one object, to establish the honor of the Massachusetts 54th.

I have had the privilege of reading his letters to his family from the day of April when, as a private in the New York Seventh, he obeyed the President's first call. Some day they must be published, for they form a veritable poem for serenity and simplicity of tone. He took to camp life as if it were his native element, and (like so many of our young soldiers) he was at first all eagerness to make arms his permanent profession. Drilling and disciplining; interminable marching and countermarching and picket-duty on the upper Potomac as lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts Infantry, to which post he had soon been promoted; pride at the discipline attained by the Second, and horror at the bad discipline of other regiments; these are the staple matter of the earlier letters, and last for many months. These, and occasional more recreative incidents, visits to Virginian houses, the reading of books like Napier's "Peninsular War" or the "Idylls of the King," Thanksgiving feasts and races among officers, that helped the weary weeks to glide away. Then the bloodier business opens, and the plot thickens

till the end is reached. From first to last there is not a rancorous word against the enemy, — often quite the reverse, — and amid all the scenes of hardship, death, and devastation that his pen soon has to write of, there is unfailing cheerfulness and even a sort of innermost peace.

After he left it, Robert Shaw's heart still clung to the fortunes of the Second. Months later, when in South Carolina with the 54th, he writes to his young wife: "I should have been major of the Second now if I had remained there and lived through the battles. As regards my own pleasure, I had rather have that place than any other in the army. It would have been fine to go home a field officer in that regiment! Poor fellows, how they have been slaughtered!"

Meanwhile he had well taught his new command how to do their duty; for only three days after he wrote this he led them up the parapet of Fort Wagner, where he and nearly half of them were left upon the ground.

Robert Shaw quickly inspired others with his own love of discipline. There was something almost pathetic in the earnestness with which both the officers and men of the 54th embraced their mission of showing that a black regiment could excel in every virtue known to man. They had good success, and the 54th became a model in all possible respects. Almost the only trace of bitterness in Shaw's whole correspondence is over an incident in which he thought his men had been morally disgraced. It had become their duty, immediately after their arrival at the seat of war, to participate, in obedience to fanatical orders from the head of the department, in the sack and burning of the inoffensive little town of Darien on the Georgia coast. "I fear," he writes to his wife, "that such actions will hurt the reputation of black troops and of those connected with them.

For myself I have gone through the war so far without dishonor, and I do not like to degenerate into a plunderer and a robber, — and the same applies to every officer in my regiment. After going through the hard campaigning and the hard fighting in Virginia, this makes me very much ashamed. There are two courses only for me to pursue: to obey orders and say nothing; or to refuse to go upon any more such expeditions, and be put under arrest and probably court-martialed, which is a very serious thing." Fortunately for Shaw, the general in command of that department was almost immediately relieved.

Four weeks of camp life and discipline on the Sea Islands, and the regiment had its baptism of fire. A small affair, but it proved the men to be stanch. Shaw again writes to his wife: "You don't know what a fortunate day this has been for me and for us all, excepting some poor fellows who were killed and wounded. We have fought at last alongside of white troops. Two hundred of my men on picket this morning were attacked by five regiments of infantry, some cavalry, and a battery of artillery. The 10th Connecticut were on their left, and say they would have had a bad time if the 54th men had not stood so well. The whole division was under arms in fifteen minutes, and after coming up close in front of us, the enemy, finding us so strong, fell back. . . . General Terry sent me word he was highly gratified with the behavior of our men, and the officers and privates of other regiments praise us very much. All this is very gratifying to us personally, and a fine thing for the colored troops. I know this will give you pleasure, for it wipes out the remembrance of the Darien affair, which you could not but grieve over, though we were innocent participators."

The adjutant of the 54th, who made report of this

skirmish to General Terry, well expresses the feelings of loneliness that still prevailed in that command: —

"The general's favorite regiment," writes the adjutant,[1] "the 24th Massachusetts Infantry, one of the best that had so far faced the rebel foe, largely officered by Boston men, was surrounding his headquarters. It had been a living breathing suspicion with us — perhaps not altogether justly — that all white troops abhorred our presence in the army, and that the 24th would rather hear of us in some remote corner of the Confederacy than tolerate us in the advance of any battle in which they themselves were to act as reserves or lookers-on. Can you not then readily imagine the pleasure which I felt as I alighted from my horse, before General Terry and his staff — I was going to say his unfriendly staff, but of this I am not sure — to report to him, with Colonel Shaw's compliments, that we had repulsed the enemy without the loss of a single inch of ground. General Terry bade me mount again and tell Colonel Shaw that he was proud of the conduct of his men, and that he must still hold the ground against any future sortie of the enemy. You can even now share with me the sensation of that moment of soldierly satisfaction."

The next night but one after this episode was spent by the 54th in disembarking on Morris Island in the rain, and at noon Colonel Shaw was able to report their arrival to General Strong, to whose brigade he was assigned. A terrific bombardment was playing on Fort Wagner, then the most formidable earthwork ever built, and the general, knowing Shaw's desire to place his men beside white troops, said to him: "Colonel, Fort Wagner is to be stormed this evening, and you may lead the

[1] G. W. James: "The Assault upon Fort Wagner," in *War Papers read before the Commandery of the State of Wisconsin, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the U. S.* Milwaukee, 1891.

column, if you say yes. Your men, I know, are worn out, but do as you choose." Shaw's face brightened. "Before answering the general, he instantly turned to me," writes the adjutant, who reports the interview, "and said, 'Tell Colonel Hallowell to bring up the 54th immediately.'"

This was done, and just before nightfall the attack was made. Shaw was serious, for he knew the assault was desperate, and had a premonition of his end. Walking up and down in front of the regiment, he briefly exhorted them to prove that they were men. Then he gave the order: "Move in quick time till within a hundred yards, then double quick and charge. Forward!" and the 54th advanced to the storming, its colonel and the colors at its head.

On over the sand, through a narrow defile which broke up the formation, double quick over the chevaux de frise, into the ditch and over it, as best they could, and up the rampart; with Fort Sumter, which had seen them, playing on them, and Fort Wagner, now one mighty mound of fire, tearing out their lives. Shaw led from first to last. Gaining successfully the parapet, he stood there for a moment with uplifted sword, shouting "Forward, 54th!" and then fell headlong, with a bullet through his heart. The battle raged for nigh two hours. Regiment after regiment, following upon the 54th, hurled themselves upon its ramparts, but Fort Wagner was nobly defended, and for that night stood safe. The 54th withdrew after two thirds of its officers and five twelfths or nearly half its men had been shot down or bayoneted within the fortress or before its walls. It was good behavior for a regiment no one of whose soldiers had had a musket in his hands more than 18 weeks, and which had seen the enemy for the first time only two days before.

"The negroes fought gallantly," wrote a Confederate officer, "and were headed by as brave a colonel as ever lived."

As for the colonel, not a drum was heard nor a funeral note, not a soldier discharged his farewell shot, when the Confederates buried him, the morning after the engagement. His body, half stripped of its clothing, and the corpses of his dauntless negroes were flung into one common trench together, and the sand was shoveled over them, without a stake or stone to signalize the spot. In death as in life, then, the 54th bore witness to the brotherhood of Man. The lover of heroic history could wish for no more fitting sepulchre for Shaw's magnanimous young heart. There let his body rest, united with the forms of his brave nameless comrades. There let the breezes of the Atlantic sigh, and its gales roar their requiem, while this bronze effigy and these inscriptions keep their fame alive long after you and I and all who meet here are forgotten.

How soon, indeed, are human things forgotten! As we meet here this morning, the Southern sun is shining on their place of burial, and the waves sparkling and the sea-gulls circling around Fort Wagner's ancient site. But the great earthworks and their thundering cannon, the commanders and their followers, the wild assault and repulse that for a brief space made night hideous on that far-off evening, have all sunk into the blue gulf of the past, and for the majority of this generation are hardly more than an abstract name, a picture, a tale that is told. Only when some yellow-bleached photograph of a soldier of the 'sixties comes into our hands, with that odd and vivid look of individuality due to the moment when it was taken, do we realize the concreteness of that bygone history, and feel how interminable to the actors in them were those leaden-footed hours and years. The

photographs themselves erelong will fade utterly, and books of history and monuments like this alone will tell the tale. The great war for the Union will be like the siege of Troy, it will have taken its place amongst all other "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago."

Ah, my friends, and may the like of it never be required of us again!

It is hard to end a discourse like this without one word of moralizing; and two things must be distinguished in all events like those we are commemorating, — the moral service of them on the one hand, and on the other the physical fortitude which they display. War has been much praised and celebrated among us of late as a school of manly virtue; but it is easy to exaggerate upon this point. Ages ago, war was the gory cradle of mankind, the grim-featured nurse that alone could train our savage progenitors into some semblance of social virtue, teach them to be faithful one to another, and force them to sink their selfishness in wider tribal ends. War still excels in this prerogative; and whether it be paid in years of service, in treasure, or in life-blood, the war tax is still the only tax that men ungrudgingly will pay. How could it be otherwise, when the survivors of one successful massacre after another are the beings from whose loins we and all our contemporary races spring? Man is once for all a fighting animal; centuries of peaceful history could not breed the battle-instinct out of us; and military virtue is the kind of virtue least in need of reinforcement by reflection, least in need of orator's or poet's help.

What we really need the poet's and orator's help to keep alive in us is not, then, the common and gregarious courage which Robert Shaw showed when he marched with you, men of the Seventh Regiment. It is that more

lonely courage which he showed when he dropped his warm commission in the glorious Second to head your dubious fortunes, negroes of the 54th. That lonely kind of valor (civic courage as we call it in peace times) is the kind of valor to which the monuments of nations should most of all be reared, for the survival of the fittest has not bred it into the bone of human beings as it has bred military valor; and of five hundred of us who could storm a battery side by side with others, perhaps not one would be found ready to risk his worldly fortunes all alone in resisting an enthroned abuse. The deadliest enemies of nations are not their foreign foes; they always dwell within their borders. And from these internal enemies civilization is always in need of being saved. The nation blest above all nations is she in whom the civic genius of the people does the saving day by day, by acts without external picturesqueness; by speaking, writing, voting reasonably; by smiting corruption swiftly; by good temper between parties; by the people knowing true men when they see them, and preferring them as leaders to rabid partisans or empty quacks. Such nations have no need of wars to save them. Their accounts with righteousness are always even; and God's judgments do not have to overtake them fitfully in bloody spasms and convulsions of the race.

The lesson that our war ought most of all to teach us is the lesson that evils must be checked in time, before they grow so great. The Almighty cannot love such long-postponed accounts, or such tremendous settlements. And surely He hates all settlements that do such quantities of incidental devils' work. Our present situation, with its rancors and delusions, what is it but the direct outcome of the added powers of government, the corruptions and inflations of the war? Every war leaves such miserable legacies, fatal seeds of future war and revolu-

tion, unless the civic virtues of the people save the State in time.

Shaw had both kinds of virtue. As he then led his regiment against Fort Wagner, so surely would he now be leading us against all lesser powers of darkness, had his sweet young life been spared. You think of many as I speak of one. For, North and South, how many lives as sweet, unmonumented for the most part, commemorated solely in the hearts of mourning mothers, widowed brides, or friends, did the inexorable war mow down! Instead of the full years of natural service from so many of her children, our country counts but their poor memories, "the tender grace of a day that is dead," lingering like echoes of past music on the vacant air.

But so and so only was it written that she should grow sound again. From that fatal earlier unsoundness those lives have bought for North and South together permanent release. The warfare is accomplished; the iniquity is pardoned. No future problem can be like that problem. No task laid on our children can compare in difficulty with the task with which their fathers have to deal. Yet as we face the future, tasks enough await us. The republic to which Robert Shaw and a quarter of a million like him were faithful unto death is no republic that can live at ease hereafter on the interest of what they won. Democracy is still upon its trial. The civic genius of our people is its only bulwark, and neither laws nor monuments, neither battleships nor public libraries, nor great newspapers nor booming stocks; neither mechanical invention nor political adroitness, nor churches nor universities nor civil-service examinations can save us from degeneration if the inner mystery be lost. That mystery, at once the secret and the glory of our English-speaking race, consists in nothing but two common habits, two inveterate habits carried into public life, — habits

so homely that they lend themselves to no rhetorical expression, yet habits more precious, perhaps, than any that the human race has gained. They can never be too often pointed out or praised. One of them is the habit of trained and disciplined good temper towards the opposite party when it fairly wins its innings; and the other, that of fierce and merciless resentment towards every man or set of men who overstep the lawful bounds of fairness or break the public peace.

O my countrymen, Southern and Northern, brothers hereafter, masters, slaves, and enemies no more, let us see to it that both of those heirlooms are preserved. So may our ransomed country, like the city of the promise, lie forever foursquare under Heaven, and the ways of all the nations be lit up by its light.

ADDRESS

OF PRESIDENT BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,

OF TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

GOVERNOR WOLCOTT: "One year ago, at the Commencement exercises of the oldest and most famous University of the western hemisphere, there was enacted a memorable scene. In the presence of hundreds of the Alumni of Harvard College, in the beautiful hall dedicated to those of her sons who gave their lives to their country's need, a colored man, born a slave, rose to receive an honorary degree at the hands of the President of the University. It was not the first time that a degree had been conferred upon one of his race. But in previous cases this distinction had been won by compliance with the requisite term of residence and by successfully passing certain academic examinations. In this case the honor was conferred because of wise leadership of his race, and of sagacious counsel to his countrymen, both white and black. As he ceased a speech that burned with restrained passion, and yet threw the calm, clear light of a tempered judgment upon the relations of the two races, that great audience was swept by wave after wave of enthusiastic applause. No man can more eloquently and wisely speak for the race which furnished the rank and file of the 54th Regiment than Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Alabama."

ADDRESS OF
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

MR. CHAIRMAN, and Fellow-Citizens: In this presence, and on this sacred and memorable day, in the deeds and death of our hero, we recall the old, old story, ever old, yet ever new, that when it was the will of the Father to lift humanity out of wretchedness and bondage, the precious task was delegated to him who among ten thousand was altogether lovely, and was willing to make himself of no reputation that he might save and lift up others.

If that heart could throb and if those lips could speak, what would be the sentiment and words that Robert Gould Shaw would have us feel and speak at this hour? He would not have us dwell long on the mistakes, the injustice, the criticisms of the days

> "Of storm and cloud, of doubt and fears
> Across the eternal sky must lower
> Before the glorious noon appears."

He would have us bind up with his own undying fame and memory, and retain by the side of his monument, the name of John A. Andrew, who, with prophetic vision and strong arm helped make the existence of the 54th Regiment possible; and that of George L. Stearns, who, with hidden generosity and a great sweet heart, helped to turn the darkest hour into day, and in doing so freely

gave service, fortune, and life itself to the cause which this day commemorates. Nor would he have us forget those brother officers, living and dead, who, by their baptism in blood and fire, in defense of union and freedom, gave us an example of the highest and purest patriotism.

To you who fought so valiantly in the ranks, the scarred and scattered remnant of the 54th Regiment, who with empty sleeve and wanting leg have honored this occasion with your presence, — to you your commander is not dead. Though Boston erected no monument, and history recorded no story, in you and the loyal race which you represent, Robert Gould Shaw would have a monument which time could not wear away.

But an occasion like this is too great, too sacred, for mere individual eulogy. The individual is the instrument, national virtue the end. That which was three hundred years being woven into the warp and woof of our democratic institutions could not be effaced by a single battle, as magnificent as was that battle; that which for three centuries had bound master and slave, yea, North and South, to a body of death, could not be blotted out by four years of war, could not be atoned for by shot and sword, nor by blood and tears.

Not many days ago, in the heart of the South, in a large gathering of the people of my race, there were heard from many lips praises and thanksgiving to God for his goodness in setting them free from physical slavery. In the midst of that assembly a Southern white man arose, with gray hair and trembling hands, the former owner of many slaves, and from his quivering lips there came the words: " My friends, you forget in your rejoicing that in setting you free God was also good to me and my race in setting us free." But there is a higher and deeper sense in which both races must be free than

that represented by the bill of sale. The black man who cannot let love and sympathy go out to the white man is but half free. The white man who would close the shop or factory against a black man seeking an opportunity to earn an honest living is but half free. The white man who retards his own development by opposing a black man is but half free. The full measure of the fruit of Fort Wagner and all that this monument stands for will not be realized until every man covered by a black skin shall, by patience and natural effort, grow to that height in industry, property, intelligence, and moral responsibility, where no man in all our land will be tempted to degrade himself by withholding from his black brother any opportunity which he himself would possess.

Until that time comes, this monument will stand for effort, not victory complete. What these heroic souls of the 54th Regiment began, we must complete. It must be completed not in malice, nor narrowness, nor artificial progress, nor in efforts at mere temporary political gain, nor in abuse of another section or race. Standing as I do to-day in the home of Garrison and Phillips and Sumner, my heart goes out to those who wore the gray as well as to those clothed in blue, to those who returned defeated to destitute homes, to face blasted hopes and shattered political and industrial system. To them there can be no prouder reward for defeat than by a supreme effort to place the negro on that footing where he will add material, intellectual, and civil strength to every department of state.

This work must be completed in public school, industrial school, and college. The most of it must be completed in the effort of the negro himself; in his effort to withstand temptation, to economize, to exercise thrift, to disregard the superficial for the real, the shadow for the substance, to be great and yet small; in his effort to

be patient in the laying of a firm foundation, to so grow in skill and knowledge that he shall place his services in demand by reason of his intrinsic and superior worth. This, this is the key that unlocks every door of opportunity, and all others fail. In this battle of peace, the rich and poor, the black and white may have a part.

What lesson has this occasion for the future? What of hope, what of encouragement, what of caution? "Watchman, tell us of the night, what the signs of promise are." If through me, an humble representative, nearly ten millions of my people might be permitted to send a message to Massachusetts, to the survivors of the 54th Regiment, to the committee whose untiring energy has made this memorial possible, to the family who gave their only boy that we might have life more abundantly, that message would be: Tell them that the sacrifice was not in vain, that up from the depths of ignorance and poverty we are coming, and if we come through oppression, out of the struggle we are gaining strength; by way of the school, the well-cultivated field, the skilled hand, the Christian home, we are coming up; that we propose to invite all who will to step up and occupy this position with us. Tell them that we are learning that standing ground for a race, as for an individual, must be laid in intelligence, industry, thrift, and property, not as an end, but as a means to the highest privileges; that we are learning that neither the conqueror's bullet, nor fiat of law, could make an ignorant voter an intelligent voter, could make a dependent man an independent man, could give one citizen respect for another, a bank account, a foot of land, or an enlightened fireside. Tell them that, as grateful as we are to artist and patriotism for placing the figures of Shaw and his comrades in physical form of beauty and magnificence, that after all the real monument, the greater monument, is being slowly but

safely builded among the lowly in the South, in the struggles and sacrifices of a race to justify all that has been done and suffered for it.

One of the wishes that lay nearest to Colonel Shaw's heart was, that his black troops might be permitted to fight by the side of white soldiers. Have we not lived to see that wish realized, and will it not be more so in the future? Not at Wagner, not with rifle and bayonet, but on the field of peace, in the battle of industry, in the struggle for good government, in the lifting up of the lowest to the fullest opportunities. In this we shall fight by the side of white men North and South. And if this be true, as under God's guidance it will, that old flag, that emblem of progress and security which brave Sergeant Carney never permitted to fall upon the ground, will still be borne aloft by Southern soldier and Northern soldier, and in a more potent and higher sense we shall all realize that

"The slave's chain and the master's
Alike are broken.
The one curse of the races
Held both in tether:
They are rising, — all are rising,
The black and white together!"

A LAST WORD

THE pressure of anxiety upon the Committee during twenty years of endeavor has given place to serenity and thankfulness over the successful issue of their labors, and they desire to acknowledge their indebtedness to those who have contributed to this success.

To our Treasurer, MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, for his skillful management of the funds, for his untiring watchfulness over the work of the sculptor, and for his unvarying cheerfulness.

To the sculptor, MR. ST. GAUDENS, who lost himself in his work.

To the architect, MR. MCKIM, whose labor of love to his friend has enhanced the value of the work of the sculptor.

To the CHAPLAIN for his fervent prayer, stirring the heart.

To our chosen orators, PROFESSOR JAMES and PROFESSOR WASHINGTON, for their eloquent and sympathetic addresses.

To his Excellency the GOVERNOR and His Honor the MAYOR, who, inspired by the occasion, imparted their inspiration to their hearers.

To MR. THORNDIKE, who organized the chorus.

To MR. OSGOOD and to the chorus he led, for their uplifting strains.

To Chief Marshal APPLETON for his labors prolonged through many weeks in planning, and then in marshal-

ing the numerous bodies of soldiers and sailors composing the escort, — and arranging the official guests and audience within the Music Hall, — promptly, skillfully, patiently, courteously.

To the loving zeal of these, each in his sphere, we owe the remarkable success of the memorial and of the services at its dedication which so moved the assembled audience.

HENRY LEE,
MARTIN P. KENNARD,
For the Committee.

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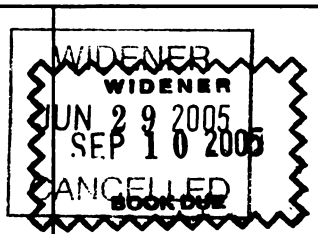

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